

## The Doctor's Sacrifice

By  
GERALD RALPH AMOS

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Everybody wondered when middle-aged Doctor Hicks, a widower with a small son, became engaged to the rich Miss Louise Soutar of the Manor. But the story of the breaking off of their engagement was less of a wonder and more of a scandal. Some blamed the Soutars and some the doctor, but all were agreed that he was a fool to let people know so much about his business.

The diphtheria epidemic in the village was not serious, but there were more than a score of cases. Mrs. Soutar's son Leonard, Louise's brother, was one of the first, and the doctor's son Frank one of the last. And there wasn't any antidote. The state board, which supplied it, had been held up by some sort of crank injunction. However, antidote was not considered necessary at first. The cases were doing very well without it.

All except that of Leonard Soutar and Frank Hicks. The doctor wanted antidote badly, and he had just enough for one injection in his tube. People got to know that, and that was the doctor's cardinal error.

Mrs. Soutar and her daughter were panic-stricken over the possibility of Leonard's death. When the doctor announced that he intended to use the remedy only as a last resource, for whichever of the two boys needed it most, the situation became critical. At Leonard's bedside Mrs. Soutar went down on her knees.

"He's dying, doctor. My boy's dying," she sobbed. "You must save his life."

The doctor raised his head. "My son is worse," he answered.

"But you must save Leonard, I tell you. He is all I have—my only son," cried the distraught woman.

"My boy is my only child," answered Hicks. "It is a matter of simple medical duty. I shall give the antidote to the one who is most in need of it."

"Then she told him her story."

"He went away. At home, his own boy was in the critical stage of the disease. Gossip had it that he was dying. Hardly had he entered his door before the telephones got busy. Mrs. Soutar heard that Frank Hicks was to receive the drug."

She left the nurse at her son's bedside and hurried with her daughter to the doctor's house. The two women entered without ceremony and found Robert Hicks at his son's bedside. The boy was delirious. Upon a table beside him stood a little phial containing some clear, water-like fluid. The doctor had a hypodermic syringe in his hand. Mrs. Soutar grasped him by the wrist.

"Tell him, Louise!" she gasped. "Tell him!"

"If you dare—if you dare, Robert," sobbed Louise, "our engagement is broken."

"That makes no difference," answered the doctor gravely. "This boy is more in need of it than the other. That is all I can see."

He dipped the hypodermic into his phial, and the mother, darting forward, knocked both phial and hypodermic from the table, sending them rolling into a corner. The phial cracked and emptied its contents upon the floor.

"At least, if you won't save my son, your own shall die," cried Mrs. Soutar in fury. "Come Louise!"

The two women swept out of the room, out of the house, and home, to find that Leonard was better.

By nightfall he was out of danger. At the same hour Frank Hicks lay dead in his father's house.

There was no other doctor in the village. Doctor Hicks continued to attend the Soutar boy until he was convalescent. Then he ceased to come. He sent his bill in the regular way, but he was never seen at the Soutar home again. The gossip said, however, that there had been a painful scene before he left for the last time, and that Hicks had refused the women's pitiful plea for forgiveness. He could forgive the loss of his son better than that of his "case," said the villagers.

For two years Hicks and the woman only bowed when they passed. Then Mrs. Soutar fell ill of the incurable disease that was to result in her death. Hicks again became a constant visitor at the home, but strictly in his professional capacity. The Soutars were the last of the old families of the town; their lives were exceedingly lonely and exceedingly quiet. All their old associates were dead, except the doctor, who had come to the place in youth, thirty years before, and even

then the old traditions had largely ceased, and the stories of the lives of the first settlers had been forgotten. His friendship with the Soutars had come about through a sister of Mrs. Soutar, a maiden lady, who had been a constant visitor at his home when his wife lived. But she had died almost at the same time as Mrs. Hicks, and no link remained between the families.

A few nights before her death the old woman called the doctor to her bedside. Brokenly she told him that she had no one else in whom to confide. Then she told him her story.

It concerned her dead sister. Years before, in girlhood, she had suffered a great wrong. She had gone away; her child, a boy, had been born in a remote place and left in the foundling hospital there. Afterward she had him removed to a town nearer, where, in the guise of an interested visitor, she could see him occasionally. But the boy had been adopted, and in accordance with the rules of the institution, she was refused all information as to his whereabouts.

"I want you to find my sister's boy and care for him, doctor," she said. "There is a little money—a private board, devoted to this purpose. And nobody must know. Even in death I shrink from the shame that would follow her."

Hicks promised, and the dying woman closed her eyes in peace. She passed away a few days later, happy in Hicks' assurance that he had already traced the child.

It was the day after the funeral that Louise sent for the doctor and told him the identical story.

"I never knew," she said, "until the night before my mother's death. She was rambling, then, but I picked up enough of the story to understand, and to realize your chivalrous nature in accepting the quest. But, when the child is found, it must be my task to provide for him. He may have grown up an uncouth, illiterate man. That task must be mine."

The doctor laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I want to tell you first," he said, "that I have not faltered in my faith to you. I love you, as I have always loved you. Will you be my wife, Louise?"

She looked at him earnestly. "I love you," she said. "But the shadow of your boy's death must ever lie between us. I cannot marry you."

"If I should show you that this lies at nobody's door but mine—" he asked.

"You cannot. If it had not been for us, Frank would have lived."

The doctor placed his hands upon her arms and held her firmly.

"Listen, Louise," he said. "Frank was that boy—adopted by my wife and me to shield the dead woman from discovery, and to enable her to meet him. I never had a child."

Nature's Reforestation.

The great eruptions of January, 1911, destroyed practically the whole plant cover of the Taal volcano, which lies in the middle of Lake Bombon, Luzon. As residence on the island has since been prohibited by the authorities, the process of revegetation has been controlled by natural agencies alone, and a study of it presents the same interest as that of the like process on Krakatoa, concerning which so much has been written. According to the investigations of F. C. Gates, by April, 1914, 179 species of vascular plants were growing on the island, 138 being dicotyledons. Ferns and their allies, mosses, lichens and algae were all poorly represented. Water-borne plants appeared first, fringing the shore; then grasses, of which the seeds were borne by the wind, and when these had attracted bird visitors the seeds of bushes, low trees and climbing plants were imported.

Cost of Living High in Teheran.

In normal times Teheran, Persia, is one of the most expensive cities in the world in which to live, so states Vice-Consul Ralph H. Bader. Coal sells for \$20 per ton; apples, \$3.50 per bushel; cheese, 60 cents per pound; ham, 55 cents per pound; butter, 50 cents per pound. These high prices are largely caused by the lack of transportation facilities. Coal is transported to Teheran from the nearest mine (a distance of 50 miles) by donkeys. Goods imported through the Persian gulf are transported from Moamerah or Bushire to Teheran (a distance of 800 miles) by mules and camels, and are usually from six to twelve weeks in transit. Goods imported through Russia are subject to a heavy transit duty and are transported across the mountains from Enzeli to Teheran (a distance of 250 miles) by pack animals and wagons.

Rhode Island's Last Hanging.

The last execution in Rhode Island took place in 1845. One John Gordon was hanged for the murder of Amasa Sprague on December 31, 1843. The doubts were so strong that a move ment was set on foot to abolish capital punishment. Thomas R. Hazard (Shepherd Tom) was the leader in this movement. His labors and writing were finally successful, and on February 11, 1852, the general assembly passed the act abolishing hanging in this state. On several occasions since notably a few years ago, unsuccessful attempts have been made to re-establish hanging for the crime of murder. But the sentiment of Rhode Island is strongly against it.—Newark Mercury.

Highland Bagpipe.

The Highland bagpipe is louder than any other, probably because it was originally designed to cheer the clans men when they were fighting. In the hands of a skilled performer its strains carry about six miles, and under especially favorable conditions as far as ten miles. The duke of Sutherland owns a bagpipe which figured in the battle of Prestonpans and must therefore be nearly two hundred years old, yet it can be heard a distance of eight miles.

Rare Specimen.

Once there was a small boy who believed that a picnic dinner was fully as appetizing when served on a neatly laid and artistically decorated table as when spread on an ant-hill.

## The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery  
Their Care and Cultivation



Japanese Iris.

### MAKING MOST OF THE IRIS

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

Irises of all plants is most indifferent to its surroundings, soil and environment. With satisfactory attention it gives wonderful results.

For German iris, plant the roots deeply; but the bulb should be covered very lightly unless planting late in the fall or very early in the spring, when they should be planted about two inches below the soil level. At other times just barely cover them.

When hoeing in the summer it is well not to draw much soil to them, as it is liable to rot them at certain times when they are more subject to this decay than others, when covered deep with soil; and doubly so after they become larger.

All the culture they need is to have the soil kept free of weeds and hoed very lightly or raked just so the crust is broken or kept loose.

About November 1, before freezing begins, give them a good hoeing and a light dressing of manure after the hoeing. Plant or divide at any time.

A few very good sorts are: florentina, early white; innocenza, late white; celeste, rich sky blue; pallida delmatica, rich lavender; fairy, pearly white; flavescens, rich canary; honorablis, rich falls, yellow chocolate brown; gypsy queen, smoky bronze; falls deep chocolate; saphro, deep velvety purple; all very free.

The Japan iris requires much different treatment, while very easily handled when their requirements are understood, yet they are somewhat fickle. The best results are obtained when the soil is very rich, well watered and kept hoed at all times.

Never allow weeds to attain any start in their beds as they cannot resist the encroachments of rapid, strong-growing weeds.

Plant them deeply so that the crowns are fully three inches below the soil level. Plant late in October, or very early in the spring.

Water well after doing it. They may be planted at almost any time if the soil is allowed to adhere to the roots and kept well watered for at least two weeks. In fact they should never be allowed to become dry.

Give them deep hoeing and good mulching of manure during August or September, and hoe it into the soil thoroughly.

Irises Germanica, Sibirica and similar types require much the same attention and treatment as Japan iris, but they will stand any amount of dryness.

Irises Germanica, Susiana, Pumila and similar types require the same treatment.

A good list of iris Japan is blue jay, deep purple blue; Mt. Blanc, fine white; Pyramid, deep blue, golden base; Elizabeth, fine white; Oshokun, the deepest purple-blue; W. T. Butterfield, entire white edged with magenta.

Attractive Planting of Iris With Climbing Roses.

Among the flowers

Some timely hints

To induce nasturtiums to bloom in rich soil, strip off the most of the leaves and all seed pods and let the sun to the stalks. Nasturtiums bloom best in poor soil.

Bud roses now. Choose healthy, vigorous stock. A very pleasing effect is had by inserting buds of different varieties, (generally teas), on the same stock. This makes a fine showing.

Acacia lapantha should not be allowed to become root-bound; if the top or the long branches are not shortened to encourage bushing, the lower leaves turn yellow and fall off, leaving the plant unsightly.

If one has a pit ready, many plants with belated blossoms, which must otherwise die, can be taken care of and the bloom enjoyed until the holidays or after. A pit is easily made and not expensive.

Mound beds dry out rapidly in mid-summer, and plants growing in them need plenty of water and a good coat of mulch. Beds a little lower than the surface of the surrounding soil are best for all moisture-loving plants.

Mulch dahlias, cannas, calladiums and like plants with coarse manure, and deluge with water. If water can not be had, withhold the manure, as manure alone is drying.

To insure the perfect health of the fruit trees this is the season to spray. In wet seasons the spores of different diseases germinate more rapidly than ordinary in the leaves of the trees which are in best condition for the germination of the spores. Bordeaux mixture will destroy the sucking insects.

This is rose budding season. Try your hand at it.

Gladioli, fuchsias, and tuberous rooted begonias are summer bloomers, and should be doing their best now. Let them rest during the winter.

Transplant peonies, bleeding-hearts, and many hardy herbaceous plants this fall.

### RAFFLES LOST FINE CHANCE

Sleepy Bride, Too Tired to Put Presents Away, Leaves Note for Mr. Burglar.

"Some local raffles missed the opportunity of his life the other night," said a young Philadelphia traveling man just returned from a trip to the middle West.

"As you know, I was married last April, and have installed my bride in a pretty suburban cottage."

"Now, I never realized to what extent my customers appreciate me until their wedding presents began to pour in. And these gifts, being shipped from some other distant city, the parcels invariably made up in value for what they lacked in size. Meanwhile my family and that of my bride had not been idle, and my firm always does the handsome thing; consequently the result was a collection of which any married couple might be proud."

"By making close connections this trip I was able to reach home a day or two ahead of schedule, being somewhat disturbed by accounts in the Philadelphia papers of a daring robbery in the very next block to that in which I live. It was nearly 2 a. m. when I entered the house, and, greatly to my surprise, spread out in full view on the big table in the hall were numerous jewelers' boxes, large and small, containing our cherished and expensive wedding gifts."

"The little woman has been showing her presents to visitors, and must have been too sleepy to carry them upstairs again. I mused aloud. 'Rather risky business with burglars in the neighborhood!'"

"Just then I noticed a large pasteboard card tilted in a conspicuous position against the lamp. On it, in my wife's handwriting, was inscribed the following:

"Mr. Burglar: These are all the valuables in the house. Take them and welcome, if you will only please to leave us unharmed upstairs."

Machine Slays by Wireless.

An electrical machine invented by a St. Paul man may be used by Germany in killing enemies with wireless, according to a St. Paul dispatch to the Philadelphia Record. The machine was first developed to kill rabbits in North Dakota. Charles F. Billows, aided by electricians, perfected the machine, which flashed rabbits and dogs to death at a distance of 107 feet. Electricity for experiments was obtained from a Thomas street trolley wire.

When the present war broke out the inventor realized its possibilities. English and French officers were sounded as to its availability, but they refused. The machine then was turned over to Germany, where it was accepted for experimentation.

"I believe it was used in the present Russian campaign," said Billows. "The possibilities of the machine are unlimited. With a large voltage there is no reason why human beings could not be flashed to death at long distances. I believe Russian powder stations were set off by our machine."

Breaching It Gently.

We begin the publication of The Roccany Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphtheritis in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought out outfit phor this printing opphice phailed to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephor we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them until they come. We don't like the look ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamillies, and tph the ph's and the c's and x's and q's hold out we shall eeph (sound the C hard) The Cyclone whirling apter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joke to us—it's a serious aphphair.—Everybody's.

Mikado's Coronation Robe.

For the coronation ceremonies at Kyoto this fall the emperor of Japan, says the Tokio Advertiser, is having made a full uniform of a design worn by a Shogun of 570 years ago. The costume is being made in the house-hold department. The cloth has been handed down from old times. Because there was some difference of opinion as to the method of making and sewing this unusual uniform, members of the department in charge of the tailoring were sent to inspect the treasures of the sacred shrine, Atsuta, where ancient costumes of the period are to be found. The dresses at Atsuta are to be brought to Tokio at the request of the household department.

Mistake of Our Average Man.

With the best intentions in the world the average man, especially in America, in endeavoring to give everything to his wife, has made it difficult for her to give adequately in return. Our modern American women are brought up too softly to develop her role, or even deeply womanly, qualities. As far as that is true the "unsexed" has some justifications, but the feminists are the last group at which it should be leveled.—Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale in McClure's Magazine.

Advance for Russian Women.

The women's cause in Russia has made a big advance today by the council of ministers approving the plan of the minister of education to throw open the doors of certain universities to them. Heretofore the education of women has been much restricted, the higher schools and universities being practically closed to all but an occasional special student. Now, thanks to the war and the consequent shortage of men in the professions, women are to be admitted to the law, scientific and medical schools.

Pari-Sing.

Charles W. Elliot, formerly president of Harvard, in a delightful essay on "The Happy Life," says he has been told that one of the greatest known pleasures comes to people who share in pari-sing. All singers can verify the truth of this statement. Pari-sing brings a wonderful exhilaration, a rare exaltation of spirit.

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Something to Hold Him To. "Always be the same as you are," he whispered to her tenderly, "and it is all I ask, my dearest one."

"And if I am you will always love me?" she said quickly.

"Yes," he answered, "always."

She looked beyond him—into space. Only she knew that ere long she would be quite different, for she was growing stout!

Then she smiled into his face. "And the more you see of me the greater will be your love, will it not?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I swear it!" And thus she was comforted.

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Tap, Tap.

Son was showing the old folk from up country through the financial district.

"The street we just passed is Cedar and this is Pine," said the son guide. "You see, everybody wants to know wood before he reaches Wall street."

Unmerited Slight. "A foreigner, visiting in this country, says American men merely make money for women to spend."

"Well, isn't that true?"

"I guess so. But, confound it, he needn't talk as if we didn't know what we were about."

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